

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. VII.

JULY, 1901.

NO. 10.

A D I E U.

Within these patient pages here,
Withal it was a joy,
We oft would set our careless thoughts
And friends therewith annoy.

But these ten months have carried us
From off our college shore,
Life's stern realities to face
And guide this page no more.

This work of joy to other hands
More patient will be given,
And who by Wisdom's guiding star
May mend what we have riven.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.



SURGIMUS UT PROSIMUS.

CLASS ORATION.

THERE are hours filled with such thrilling, unalloyed and innocent happiness, that their occurrence deserves to be chronicled. Such are the hours of this morning to the class of nineteen-one. We are, as it were, transported into the seventh heaven of dreamy enjoyment of unique felicity. This red-letter-day, so ardently longed for, has at last arrived. We stand to-day, not only at the portals of the glorious enlightened twentieth century, but of one of those periods which encircle the youth of nations in swift revolving eras, nay more, it is our commencement; we stand at the cross-road of life, at the threshold of one of those serious climacterics, which is to determine the path of our future life. And in these days of struggle and toil, of success and failure, it is well for us to pause before we enter these majors and minors of the future, to select a pass-word, a motto, a platform of principles, as a standard, a beacon-light to lead and guide us to the goal of success. We have not been unmindful of this and our choice in the selection of a class-motto has been:

Surgimus Ut Prosimus. We Rise to Do Good.

Friends! There is not a young man, who claims to possess a spark of virile energy, of noble ambition, who has not an aim, a purpose in view which he wishes to attain. And why should

he not? Every law of nature tends to the perfection of the plan of creation; is not man, then, the very crown of creation, to act an important part in this cosmic drama? Or is he to remain an unknown quantity in the stern realities of this terrestrial existence? No, certainly not. But if he wishes to attain perfection in the capacity of his calling, he must pitch his mark to the highest key, yea, place it at the very summit where his eye can sweep the whole horizon of duty. We stand but at the foot of the mountain and our motto says:—Rise—fight your way to the top and

“Argue not
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.”

But how is it that from the vast majority that enter the race so few gain the victory? When Euclid was explaining to Ptolemy Soter, the King of Egypt, the principles of geometry, his patron inquired of him whether the knowledge could not be obtained easier. “Sir,” replied Euclid, “there is no royal road to learning.” This statement is as applicable to-day as it was twenty centuries ago. There is no royal road to climb to the summit of this mountain. Eminence can only be gained by toils and struggles, by persevering energy, by disappointments and perhaps by many a bitter defeat.

“The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, whilst their companions slept,
Were toiling onward in the night.”

Yes, one of the primary requisites, one of

those conspicuous elements to gain victory in all our undertakings,—even to gain Heaven is—*to will it*. It is that fixed and unalterable decision which will enable men to accomplish the most marvelous things. One hundred and sixty two years ago, an English lad, scarce seven years of age, stood on a hilltop looking out over one of England's many lovely landscapes. The verdure of the forest, the magnificent park of ancient oaks and elms with their great herds of deer, the broad fields of waving grain, the crystal purity of the running stream: they all spread a glorious world around him, tingeing everything with their gorgeous colors as they successively attracted his gaze. A rare combined beauty of nature, indeed, that would have delighted any heart! And yet that boy was sad. Hot tears were trickling down his rosy cheeks as he looked abroad over that great estate. And why? Was it, perhaps, because he stood there as a poor orphan? Or had some harsh words grieved his tender heart? No, none of it. But on that very morning his poor old grandfather had told him, that there had been a time when all that magnificence had been the possession of his ancestors. No wonder the boy was sad. But presently his eye brightened, his little form stood erect, as he formed a mighty resolve, and stamped the soil proudly as he exclaimed: “I will yet be master of that estate.” From that moment his character took form. Slowly he pressed his way onward through poverty, hard toil, sore trials and vast discouragements. Where and how do we find this lad thirty years

later? Not only as Lord and Master of this estate but as governor of India. That little lad was no other than the well-known Warren Hastings, and that decision of his boyhood had governed and guided him like a star of destiny.

When Napoleon stood in the streets of Paris on that day of terror, when he watched that raging multitude he said to himself: "They need a leader and I will be the one." It was a fixed purpose ever uppermost in his mind and he accomplished it. In contemplating the lives of the saints, the same fixed purpose, the same decision, made a St. Augustine, a St. Ignatius Loyola; and many others exclaimed: "They did it, why cannot I?" They were men of courage and iron will, they rose to the pinnacle of glory, each in his own sphere, because that aim once set was not a blank, but the very title page in their book of life.

Yet many indeed may rise, to stand above all the noble aspirations of their fellow-men, but not all benefit mankind. Hence the second part of our motto "to do good" is of equal importance. To do good! Yea, there is a field, unlimited in our days, to benefit humanity. Some of us are called to re-enforce the sacred phalanx which gives to the Church militant her heroic leaders and champions in the propagation of faith. Now think of it—there are millions of people in our blessed country who say in their heart—there is no God. What a spiritual epidemic, what a moral leprosy is not ravishing our land! The dissemination of non-religious principles is the miasma that infects the moral atmosphere of to-day.

Young men and maidens seized by the cold hand of premature death fall like autumn leaves on every side of us; and by far the majority are stricken down by a contagion that blasts all their future happiness and mortgages their souls to eternal ruin. What a field of misery! And yet these victims, inebriated with the pleasures of this world, seem apparently happy. But believe me they are not. There must be hours of lonesome thought, when stern self-examination throws aside the curtain, when they will see themselves as they are, when that internal monitor, their conscience, appeals to their better reason, when they feel an aching void in their heart, which they know not how to allay—ah! in such hours of dejection must they not often be confronted by those dreadful alternatives: “After all—perhaps—there is a God—perhaps—an eternity!” Unhappy victims! No religion to solace them, they stand at the verge of despair—no wonder this age of suicide. Yes, the spirit of a nation once led away from truth and religion, is like a narcotized invalid stretched on the amputation counter, when, as he already passes into unconsciousness, he fancies that the narcotic draught was given him to dispatch him silently to eternity—he rallies the last force of his strength, grasps the knife from the surgeon’s hand, and in a rage of despair, struggles for his earthly existence. Such is the state of thousands, yea, millions in our day who struggle for a spiritual existence. And as we behold them with a heartfelt sympathy, there is a voice that tells us, that there was a time when all those precious

souls belonged to our fold. What a field of philanthropic work does not await us here?

Some of us are to rise "to do good" in the commercial world, where but one motto seems to lead to success: cheat and get cheated. To rise for business-men in our day means to seek wealth, amass fortunes of gold, stocks and bonds. America has a multitude of such successful men. A half a century ago, there were but two millionaires in the United States. Now, New York alone boasts of the number of three thousand and thrice that number are said to be in this country. The question here arises, have all these men acquired this store of wealth through honest business principles. We are sure they have not earned it. For if Adam had lived to this hour, and had earned ten dollars every day, and had not spent so much as a cent of his earnings, he would as yet have but one fourth of Jay Gould's millions! Whence then such immense fortunes in so short a time if not from the pockets of other men. How many a widow's and orphan's inheritance and hard earned money has not been swallowed up by these money-mongers. Such fortunes cannot prosper. These men must sooner or later sink beneath the weight of their own spoils. Here is a sphere where honesty clamors for justice. Let commercial men show to the world, that not wealth and fortune are the exponents of man's happiness, that our lives are not measured by the dollars we have gained or the lands acquired, but that true success is based upon principles founded on real honesty, righteousness and tempered justice.

Some shall leave our Alma Mater to go forth to benefit their fellow-men by teaching the young. Now it is said that the rise or fall of a nation is determined by that element which forms the character of the individuals, namely education. Hence of what paramount importance is not the office of a teacher, to whose care the hope and future welfare of our country is entrusted! It cannot be denied that the profession of teaching in our day has become one of the most difficult and most responsible pursuits that a man could choose. And why? Because we have too many born evolutionists who evolve so rapidly, that they constantly remain in a progressive ratio with the "survival of the fittest." Take the lad of seven or eight years, place him in the schoolroom—question him—and you will learn that he knows exactly what he should not know. And it is by far a more difficult task to unteach bad habits than to inculcate virtue or to form character. Teachers have an unlimited scope to wield their influence, to do good and benefit mankind. If they come up to the mark, they deserve a higher rank in our estimation, nay, their names will shine forth from that galaxy of illustrious men whose memory shall forever be bequeathed as a testimonial of duty to posterity.

Hence my fellow-classmates! Let us live that we may bless, gain that we may give, love that we may benefit our fellow-men; let us be ashamed to die until we have won some victory on life's battlefield, for which we have prepared; above all let us not permit this day to pass without making that mighty resolve which is to be the guiding

star of our future career in this labor-burdened life—and once made, let

“Neither Angels in Heaven above
Nor demons down under the sea,”
Dissever this bond, this pledge we have made,
To ourselves, to our friends, and——to Thee.

D. G. NEUSCHWANGER, '01.

ZEPHYRS MILD.

So hotly burning all day long
Were Sol’s despotic fires,
No summer breeze to stir the throng
Of those revenging ires.

’Tis in the hour of twilight fair,
His fury all is lost:
A breeze, mild from the East so rare
Away his weight has tost.

If burdened with sorrows so wild,
Think of the solace true
That comes to the patient and mild,
And work on with the few.

T. F. K. '01.



CLASS POEM.

The hour has come—this hour of joy
By anxious student hearts
So long expected; nor arts
Nor science tainted with alloy
Of labors often feared
Could check the hope that reared
This expectation in the boy.

O'er us have passed six joyful years
Since hither first we turned
Our steps. A desire burned
Within our hearts: it banished fears
That sought to heave the calm
Of Wisdom's pensive charm;
It flamed; and here to-day appears.

The Future then was far away,
Reclining soft at ease
In joys that now appease
The hopes of that forgotten day.
But no! Mem'ry returns,
Forgetfulness she spurns
To hide the years to us so gay.

The recollections of the past,
Of studies, work or play,
Sweet Memory, we pray,
Let not depart from us so fast;—
Like ivies let them cling
To ev'ry heart, and sing
Of joyous days that cannot last!

The past has done. Undo the things
It wrought, we never can;
To us a nobler plan:

Prepare for strifes the future brings.

O'er are the boyhood days,
Our deeds to golden fays
Shall now be borne on angel wings.

In ev'ry human heart there rests
Ambition's baneful flame,
And urges it to gain
A far-off seat, by Pride's vain crests
Prepared for fallen man,
Who is himself, self's plan
And heeds no fellow-man's behests.

A noble vein to Christian hearts
Is given: without peer
Humility stands near;
Not by the fiendish, magic arts
But by Salvation's Wood,
She only knows of good,
To heal all wounds ere she departs.

For us has come the choosing day:
We enter life's rough field,
There to conquer or yield
To works of proud Ambition's sway;
Or weave a crown of flowers
That once in Heaven's bowers
Will joyful make all earthly clay.

Our course is run. To ev'ry friend
We bid a farewell lay,
And going hence to-day
For Truth to fight, her to defend,
Till angel joys are given
In realms of highest Heaven:
Departing sorrows then will end.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

VALEDICTORY.

ALAS, the hour of parting is nigh and it has devolved upon me to deliver the last words in the name of the class of 1901. Should you, therefore, not expect another brilliant oration or poem like that given by my class-mates? Should this last delivery not be one in which a speaker might show forth his ability as a scholar? No. The words which I address to you this morning in the name of the class, are words intended to express our sincere affections for our Alma Mater, her professors and her students. With unconcealed joy have we been longing for this day, when our success and triumph would be acknowledged by our professors, by ourselves, by you dear fellow-students and friends. This is, indeed, a day of triumph; for is it not to-day, that we have reached the goal for which we have been striving for years? No wonder, then, that a faint feeling of pride creeps into our hearts when we think of the various obstacles which we have surmounted with courage; for, you must remember that the student's life is not a mere play, as many suppose, but that it is often a life of mental hardships and disappointments. However great our joys may be, there is a certain feeling of sadness which pervades our hearts on this day—it is the thought of our departure from dear St. Joseph's. The filial love towards our Alma Mater has always been cherished with great sincerity. But to-day,

we feel that a stronger sensation has touched the tender chords of love and caused them to vibrate with greater energy. Like a son departing from his dear mother for a strange land, perhaps never to behold that dear face again which has gladdened the days of his youth with many a loving look, so we to-day take our departure from our Alma Mater to wander through a world, every path of which is beset with the greatest dangers. Thus far she has protected us with the deep affections of a mother. Great were thy cares, dear Alma Mater, to make happy the hearts of thy adopted children. Thy exhortations and instructions shall ever be the sweetest thoughts to our memories. It was the love of a father or mother, a kind brother or sister that has placed us under thy maternal protection, and thou hast faithfully carried out their wishes. Alas, the parting hour has come and we bid farewell to our dear Benefactress, our Alma Mater. God grant that we may behold her sacred walls again some future day, and then after sweet recollections exclaim: "Dear Alma Mater, it was thou who implanted within my heart many of the religious sentiments which lingered in my soul through life." May St. Joseph on this day of our parting and ever shower down upon you his choicest blessings. Dear Alma Mater, farewell!

Dear professors! It is also to you that we bid farewell this morning. Of all the friends at St. Joseph's, you especially had our interest at heart and have always shown to be the truest of friends. The years of our toil with you, dear professors,

have awakened in our hearts that peculiar love of a student for his instructor. Often were you disappointed in your expectation's from the class, and many times must the bitter thought have entered your mind that your labors would be left uncrowned. But the thought of our youth led you on to attain that supreme end of education, namely to prepare man to fulfill the purposes of human existence: i. e. to live completely. You must surely feel that your labors were crowned with success when you see us seated on the stage as the class of 1901. For all your labors which have added to bring us hither we express our heartiest thanks. May St. Joseph impart to you his blessings and prepare for each one of you a spiritual crown to be worn for time everlasting. Farewell to you, dear professors!

Dear classmates! Ere insistent life again presents its daily round, our memories will be filled with mere recollections of our past college days. This hour might have awakened in our hearts a feeling of sadness when we thought of our departure from our Alma Mater and her inmates; but let the thought, that we must remain true to our motto, partly overshadow these sensations of the soul. During the years which we have spent at St. Joseph's College, we have been struggling continually to reach the summit of our success, and to-day we have triumphed. But our success is not complete. Our motto also demands that we should act and do good. Before we therefore disperse to pursue the paths to our eternal destiny, let us grasp each other's hands and bid a heart-

felt adieu. Let us always remember the days spent at our Alma Mater. May we always remain true to our motto, *Surgimus Ut Prosimus*, the motto of the class of 1901. Let us always prove to be men true to our country, true to our fellows, true to ourselves, true to our God. We part waving our last farewell, perhaps never to meet again until in the land of eternal bliss. Dear classmates, farewell!

Dear fellow-students! To you we bid this morning a kind farewell. Only a few of Eternity's years have witnessed our association at St. Joseph's College, but the bond of fraternal love which we have knit is one which, help God, may lead us united to Christ. We may have personal friends in the world who seemingly have our welfare at heart but in reality they have not; for, are not some friendships made by nature, some by contract, some by interest and some by souls? It is the last, dear fellow-students, that unites us; and though we may part in person, yet the bond of friendship which has thus far united our hearts, shall never be severed. Our happiest moments shall be those which are spent in fond recollections of our college days. With what emotion do not elder persons relate the incidents of their college life and what longing have they not for the return of those days. Alas, like sentiments pervade our hearts when we think, dear fellow-students, that to-day we must part, for future joys at college are for us at an end. No longer can we take part in your joyful sports; no longer will our voices mingle with yours in giving the

college yell or the shout of victory. The next scholastic year will not find us in your midst when the bell calls you to studies, to the refectory or to the chapel. Our places will be occupied by others but, dear fellow-students, when you find yourselves back at St. Joseph's the next scholastic year, do not forget the friends who have occupied the same places a year ago. The memory of you, dear fellow-students, shall never vanish from our minds. If ever we have injured your feelings by word or action, we pray you, let them be forever imbedded in the sea of oblivion. Banish all thoughts of our former mishaps and let only our good will live in your minds forever. It is with a heavy heart, dear fellow-students, that we part from you this morning. It may be the last day, the hour that our faces meet each to each; perhaps the future days of our life will never place us again in view of one another. But above all dear fellow-students, let us hope that we may be led, united by St. Joseph to the foot of that Cross from which graces have flown down upon us so abundantly during our sojourn at St. Joseph's College. Students of St. Joseph's College, farewell, farewell till we meet again!

ED. F. HOFFMAN, '01.

FAREWELL.

To us for six delightful years
This blessed spot, these sacred walls
Have been our home, and free from fears
We lived within these sacred halls.

Not transient moments of delight
Did soothe us in the tiresome strife,
Not transports, felt but in their flight:
It was our "Mother's" claim to life.

Soon envious time bids us to part
From "Alma Mater's" loving cell,
And say to all, dear to our heart,
The saddest of all words—farewell!

Each soul before the parting sigh
One moment waits, and views the place,
Where during blessed years gone by,
It learnt to run life's slipp'ry race.

May Heaven's blessing be thy lot,
Peace weave her olive o'er thy dome;
And joy and gladness light the spot
Where truth and knowledge have their home.

May He, Who marks the sparrow's fall,
Bless those, while endless ages roll,
Who sowed, within this sacred hall,
The germs of virtue in our soul.

E. HEFELE, '01.

A MODERN ESSAYIST.

HAS a brilliant author ever received satisfactory recognition for his literary productions before the time that his mortal remains were laid to rest? Did the public acknowledge and laud true greatness or mere mediocrity, when a genius suddenly appeared struggling for the beckoning laurel of immortality. Indeed, there have been a few individuals more singularly favored than is generally the case with the majority of our renowned men, that become great only after they have taken a last sorrowful leave from an ungrateful world. Macaulay, however, entered upon a course with prospects the most fair and auspicious. Still in the prime of manhood he received the public attention, which gradually developed into attraction and admiration. He had become the standard author of his day.

More than a generation has passed since he gave for the last time expression to his thoughts. During the lapse of this time numerous articles of our periodical literature have conferred upon him all possible praise. Nevertheless upon closer reflection we behold in him no extraordinary genius. He did not create a new literature, nor a science, nor is he the exponent of any philosophical school. In what does his preeminency principally consist? Many other men of his day were more learned, more philosophical, deeper thinkers and closer to truth; still they are almost utterly forgotten. But

Macaulay surpassed them all by the easy and happy marshalling of his vernacular. Noble lines, a grand, majestic phraseology, exquisite diction, attractive style! Were it not for this special supremacy over his contemporary writers, his name would likewise grace the pages of oblivion.

His writings are not much characterized for originality but rather for happy citations of opinions of other men. Such a course secured popularity but led the author into unavoidable inaccuracies and inconsistencies. Accordingly, whilst his champions have deified him, his opponents put forth into glaring prominence his personal short-comings. Neither extreme is deservedly merited by the author. A critic must remember that greatness must not be too severly underrated and qualified by incidental failings.

That discursive essays can be brought up to the level of pure literature had already been demonstrated by Bacon and Addison. Lord Macaulay followed in their footsteps and became eminently successful. Indeed it is owing to his essays that he became the intellectual leader of periodical literature. There he displayed a critical faculty and insight of a high order. He had the faculty intrinsically may be, but disciplined also to render his thoughts in a clear and popular manner and thoroughly intelligible. In stating mere facts he marshalls them at times, with dramatic force but leaves the judgment entirely to the decision of the reader. Whilst he possessed the requisite qualities of a great writer, his purpose seems to have been rather to please than to propound any solid

doctrine. In outward dress his subjects are neat. But we like to see a more substantial body. In originality he is by far inferior to Lord Jeffry, in wide and diversified range of thought he does never compare with Sidney Smith. Only in his style, he rises from mediocrity to superior excellence. Most of his essays will be read for the language rather than for the persons described. A few, however, like the essays on Addison, Pitt, Chatham, Warren Hastings will never fail to interest even an occasional reader. They will shine down the avenues of time with undimmed splendor.

But true greatness does never consist in popularity; Macaulay himself was fully aware of the fact that all his periodical writings would in course of time be disregarded. One monument worthy of himself was to be erected. He decided to write a part of the history of his country, but it was too late. He had never before sought this field of literature, and as a branch work history is too sacred. Lack of truth is his prime characteristic. Like many other English historians his mind could not distinguish truth from fiction and falsehood. It is a dangerous power, when a writer must be suspected of another aim than to reveal the whole truth. To praise as if the subject had been of a faultless hue throughout his life, making no reference to short-comings, can fascinate the general public but disgusts a judicious reader. Serious inaccuracies must be charged to the exuberant imagination of the writer, "making his statements in a great part deceptive." And still it was of his accuracy that Macaulay always was proudest.

Lord Melbourne is said to have expressed himself one day: "I wish I would be as cock-sure of anything as Macaulay." But then under all the laurels that history heaped upon him was that stinging charge of inaccuracy. "Brilliant in style, marvellous in research, but inaccurate." A charge only too well deserved.

With all his defects the author has obtained an extraordinary reputation. But according to apparent circumstances, the climax of glory has been reached already for some years. If present signs foretell rightly, his name after one or two generations, will be transmitted to posterity as a once noteworthy contributor to periodical literature. Petty weaknesses have injured him in the opinion of many. However great the glory, oblivion has little or no mercy. Even Cardinal Wiseman referred on one occasion to Macaulay as an author that will be relegated to the shelves of romancers.

Nevertheless, in the midst of the confusing condition of magazine literature that fluctuated the whole world, he constantly enriched his talent, instead of dissipating it. He was a better representative of the age in which he lived and toiled, than our time would be able to advance. In him we behold once more an Addison, but with improvements on that writer. They resemble each other in power and pathos, and in the more refined beauties of language. The culture that springs from an intimate acquaintance with the magnificent writings of Macaulay, having immediate relationship to modern life, exerts a far greater in-

fluence and power over the contemporary public, than could be reasonably expected from the classical essayist of the seventeenth century. As a poet of some renown and as a parliamentary orator, Macaulay's glory has been greater than he was able to preserve.

H. SEIFERLE, '01.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies10

It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

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EDITORIALS.

With all its joys and sorrows another scholastic year has passed away. The enjoyment of a happy vacation is the only wish we can now extend to the dispersed student-body; but may all remember: Sept. 5 will end these halcyon days.

Often during the past year we heard the question asked: Who writes the editorials in the *Collegian*? We always were of the opinion that the editorial column of any journal is, and of right should be, in the hands of the editor, and according to this opinion we have acted. And although we never signed our editorials they are all the work of the outgoing editor.

The month of July should be in a particular manner interesting to every devoted student of St. Joseph's—it is the month of the Most Precious Blood, to whose glorious service the sacred halls of this institution are in an especial manner dedicated—to its most beneficial service those who instruct and educate you here have given all the powers of their body and soul—their very life. Hence it is that we should often remember these self-sacrificing Fathers, our greatest benefactors and educators, in our prayers, and show ourselves grateful towards them by practicing in our daily life in this vain world's tumultuous rounds those precepts which they have instilled into our hearts by word and example.

At this season of the year our beloved *Alma Mater* has especial reasons to rejoice; for ere this issue of the *Collegian* reaches our kind readers, St. Joseph's first graduating class shall have been elevated to the exalted dignity of priesthood, these are the members of the class of '96. We cannot but mingle our joy with their joys; and as they were the ones that called this journal into

existence, and guided its youthful pages through its tottering infancy, it is a pleasant duty for us, who have enjoyed the benefits of those early labors, to extend to those heroes of the past our sincerest congratulations and best wishes on this glorious event of their life, at once the most happy and the most momentous. These faithful sons of St. Joseph's are: J. F. Cogan, the *Collegian*'s first editor, J. B. Fitzpatrick, the first assistant-editor, T. M. Conroy, the first exchange-editor, J. Abel and J. C. Wakefer. Ad multos annos!

The reproduction of Hermigild on commencement eve, as was expected by the most sanguine, was in every regard a complete success. Parts that were weak at the first rendition were improved, both as to stage-setting and acting. The C. L. S. are to be congratulated for the great successes they have scored in the dramatic line during the past year; and especially the participants in this last production for their faithful and untiring efforts; likewise the Rev. Moderator for his care and zeal to perfect our dramas, in as far as amateurs are able to act them, before they make their appearance in public. The many encomiums bestowed upon our actors by our visitors for their efficient work should be to them a grateful acknowledgment for their labors. The C. L. S. made giant progressive strides during the last year, and we hope that they will continue to improve constantly at the set rate in future; and this they will do if all the members continue to

show a good will, love of progress and exercise their spirit of enterprise.

Already the class of '01 has made its debut to this great world. But in their going forth they have selected a motto which, if faithfully carried out, will do honor to themselves and bear valuable frutis of glory for their *Alma Mater*. *Surgimus Ut Prosimus!* Therein is contained the true spirit, the very essence of the true Christian student, who has the welfare of his fellow-men's earthly existence and the eternal salvation of their immortal souls inscribed into the most affectionate spot in his heart, and this should urge him on to attain that most sublime goal. The motto has been well chosen, its interpretation is really significant and many are the opportunities in which its application can be practically demonstrated in the course of daily life. *We rise to do good!* Members of the class! Let not this rising be a temporary hop or jump, but a continual advancing on the narrow path, always onward, always upward, always higher, to nobler and sublimer accomplishments than humanity can attain in its more human form, when actuated by its own sordid, selfish motives. Never cease rising until the cold hand of death has laid your gray locks low in the silent grave; but even yet let the effects of your rising be such as posterity will hail the remembrance of your having existed with praise and delight; then too, your doing of good will be such as will tend to increase the happiness of your fellow-men and add to the making of an earthly par-

adise in this world of sorrow. Now indeed we can joyfully say: *Surgimus Ut Prosimus!* But if, when life's last hour will strike, be that hour far or near, we will be able to say: *Sureximus et Profuiimus*, then can we calmly pass to that unseen shore with the conscientious assurance that our life was not a failure; that our existing has answered the expectations of our Creator, at least in as far as the capabilities of our human nature would allow. *Surgimus Ut Prosimus*, remember ye gentlemen of '01 and farewell!

Again the time has arrived for the *Collegian's* staff to bid a last adieu to its many friends in the bright world of College Journalism. Many an acquaintance has been formed which we are now loathed to sever, perhaps forever; but such is the inevitable and we must submit. But ten short months ago hopefully, joyfully, ambitiously we launched this little bark into the journalistic sea; then apparently calm, only here and there broken by the graceful waves of joys and glories to be enjoyed, the labors for the accomplishment of which seemed to us mere play. But now all is over, and the feeling that has taken possession of our heart words fail to describe. Then we were inexperienced, grouping in the dark, doing the best we could, little though it was. Now as we gaze backward we see where we have blundered, where we should have added, where we should have subtracted. But now 'tis past and we must take it as we have made it, with all its drawbacks

and imperfections, the judgment of which, now as heretofore, we leave to our friends.

To be upright we must confess that many a dreary, weary hour we spent in the *sanctum*. But still more disagreeable, yes painful in the extreme, is it for us to be bound to acknowledge that most of these disappointments and sorrows came from those very persons of whom we had a right to expect, nay, not only expect, but whose bounden duty it was, not only to themselves but also to their *Alma Mater*, to lend us material assistance in the form of literary contributions, the neglect of which was often the cause of the greatest inconveniences and unbearable embarrassments. But now all is done, and to complain were useless; this much however we will say that in future, if there is a member on the staff, who is unwilling to do his duty towards his college paper, and thus to his *Alma Mater*, let him resign or be set aside as unworthy and a soul of nobler motives and higher aspirations be selected to fill his position, one that knows how to comply with the motto we set for ourselves in our initial number:

"But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day."

All however was not thus. Many a bright and pleasant hour, too, we spent in the *sanctum*. Many a word of good advice we received from older and more experienced minds, many a word of true encouragement that urged us on to continue the good work, when we would think that all our efforts were vain, yea, irretrievably lost. To these our heartiest thanks. Likewise to those

patient coworkers and contributors, who, when not a line of copy was on our desk, would help us out of many a sore predicament, we extend our heartiest thanks. In the innermost recesses of our heart lies the feel of gratitude we owe to these undaunted colaborers, to which words cannot give expression. Then also to all our exchange-friends who spoke words of praise and encouragement in our favor we send greetings of sincerest acknowledgment; and especially do we appreciate the kind favor granted us by the *Church Progress*, for republishing one of our articles, that one on Catholic Literature of the Last Century, in its esteemed pages; likewise to the *Democrat* for our editorials which were occasionally given a prominent position in that honored local paper: both giving due credit to the *Collegian*. We were young, Brother Editors, and needed the encouragement which you gave us, therefore accept our thanks.

We now lay aside the pen, and may it rust, with the prospect of a glorious and long-needed vacation before us. But one wish we have to express: that our successor may find this *sanctum* a cozy-corner with infinitely more joys and none of the sorrows that we experienced. Farewell!

PERSONALS.

During commencement week the following of the Rev. Clergy honored us with their presence at our exercises: Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, Bishop of Ft. Wayne; Very Rev. R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind. Very Rev. B. Russ, Provincial C. PP. S. Carthagena, O. Very Rev. L. Gottbehoede, O. F. M., Rev. R. Wurth, O. F. M., Lafayette, Ind. Very Rev. H. Drees, C. PP. S., Mariastein, O. Rev. F. C. Wiechman, Gas City, Ind. Rev. M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Centre, Ind. Rev Wm. Berg, Shererville, Ind. Rev. T. Jansen, Michigan City, Ind. Rev. F. J. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind. Rev. J. Schmitz, Arcola, Ind. Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind. Rev. J. Dempsey, Crawfordsville, Ind. Rev. G. Horstman, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. J. Sand, Hammond, Ind. Rev. A. Seifert, C. PP. S., Rev. P. Trost, C. PP. S. Carthagena, O. Rev. A. Gietl, C. PP. S., Ottawa, O. Rev. M. Dentinger, C. PP. S. Pulaski, Ind. Rev. C. Romer, Delphi, Ind. Rev. F. Schaeper, Mendon, Mich.

We likewise had the pleasure of entertaining the following of the laity: Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartman, Misses M. Hartman, M. Fisher, Peru, Ind. Prof. B. Dentinger, Louisville, Ky. Mr. J. A. Kramer, Master W. Kramer, Gibsonburg, O. Mr. T. B. Monin, Russia, O. Mrs. C. Lapple, Miss K. Hildebrand, Delphi, Ind. Mrs. M. Helmi^g, Miss A. Helmi^g, Peru, Ind. Miss A. Scheidler, Millhousen, Ind. Mr. F. Hasler, Tiffin, O. Mr. L. Hope, Mun-

cie, Ind. Mr. P. Mutch, Michigan City, Ind. Mr. T. Hammes, Monterey, Ind. Miss L. Heim, Kentland, Ind. Miss E. Sibold, Sedalia, Mo. Mr. P. T. Welsh, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Misses C. Schmitt, M. Rupert, Reynolds, Ind. Misses J., M. and K. Lamb, Delphi, Ind. Mr. E. R. Wills, South Bend, Ind. Mr. E. Hoffman, Glandorf, O. Mrs. W. Sullivan, Delphi, Ind. Mr. E. Fisher, Mr. J. Keller, Peru, Ind. Miss A. Steinbrunner, Victoria, O. Mr. Ed. Junk, Mr. G. Deifenbach, Mr. B. Nowak, Chicago, Ill, Mr. A. Kamm, South Bend, Ind, Mr. Hoerstman, Mishawaka, Ind.

To all of our visitors we extend our kindest thanks; likewise to all the citizens of Rensselaer who were present during our commencement exercises.

As we go to press Rev. J. C. Wakefer is with us. He was the first alumnus to visit his Alma Mater after his ordination.



OUR SIXTH COMMENCEMENT.

Many, many years ago one of nature's most gifted poets judiciously uttered these words: All's well that ends well, And if ever they have been applicable to any work, which was the product of man's labors, they can certainly be applied to the scholastic year which has just been closed. "Finis coronat opus," and indeed a golden crown it was that this grand commencement has placed on the brow of the year just completed—a year passed as to the succession of time-periods, but never to be forgotten by the friends and inmates of St. Joseph's, and especially not by the class of '01, to whom these closing days were indeed red-letter-days in their life.

Already on June the eighth joy began to spread her delightful wings over St. Joseph's. In the morning of that day the final examinations were closed, and the beaming countenance of every student gave full expression to the joy and exultation that permeated every heart at the joyous consciousness that another year's work had been most satisfactorily completed. Likewise a few friends arrived on that day to witness in full our closing exercises.

Sunday, too, was a gladsome day—that Sunday on which the Church celebrates the glorious feast of Corpus Christi. Indeed a beautiful day it was. Nature on earth seemed to vie with the nature of the heavens to do honor to the great

Redeemer of the universe, who was on that morning to be carried in a most solemn procession through the verdant halls of His own spotless temple. Propitiously the blazing sun illumined the blue firmament, spotted here and there with pure white clouds; soothingly the morning breeze swung her lonely flight o'er the blooming meadows and through the fragrant flowers and leave-covered trees. Gay birds sang bright hymns to honor their Creator; all was joy and jubilation. At eight o'clock solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. President, Father Benedict, assisted as deacon by Father Chrysostom, as sub-deacon by Father Luke, with Father Hugo officiating as master of ceremonies. After the reading of the gospel the Rev. Celebrant read the decree in which the Jubilee was published for the diocese, and pointed out in a few well-chosen words the object and advantages of this pious practice and devotion, so faithfully observed in the Catholic Church; then he briefly reviewed the work of the past year, expressing his satisfaction of the work done, adding at the same time some wholesome admonitions that may often prove useful to a student during the vacation months. To the graduates he spoke words of congratulation and encouragement, for the success attained and that they may be prepared for the trials that never fail to come.

After Mass the grand procession took place. It passed from the college chapel to the grove south of the main building, where diligent hands had assisted nature in beautifying her selected

spots. After passing around the west side, the procession halted before the Lourdes Grotto, where an altar had been erected. Here Benediction was given. Then the march was resumed down the east walk, back to the chapel. During all this time awe-inspiring, solemn hymns of praise and glory were sung to Him who is all-powerful, but yet suffered Himself to be borne as an infant in our midst through His own creation by mortal, sinful man. Having arrived at the chapel Benediction was again given. Then the morning services were closed with the solemn chanting of that grand, noble, elevating, soul-stirring, cloud-piercing hymn, the "Te Deum."

Such hours as these are times of grace, their solemnity is inspiring, elevating; it causes the soul to forget itself and think only of Him Who is its Maker and Redeemer. They make devotion more fervent, more loving, more child-like, and into lukewarm hearts they breathe a spirit of piety and peace, of love and tenderness towards our hidden God. Oh, for the blessing of a Catholic country where these processions are more frequent! Ours is a land of religious freedom; Catholics should arouse themselves, for by just such works and expositions of faith as these they can do an inestimable amount of good to their fellowmen; they can cause a rising and spread of faith as it was in the Middle Ages, glorious, golden, heavenly. May these days soon again return! Let us hope and pray!

Both during the mass and the procession the choir under the direction of Father Justin did

ample justice to the occasion. For this they have our sincerest gratitude and a kind remembrance in our prayers.

After vespers the Marian sodalists held their final meeting. Father Hugo spoke words of satisfaction and encouragement, and urged on the members never to forget their heavenly Mother and Protectress. The little office having been recited and the Magnificat chanted in thanksgiving for all the benefits she had obtained for us as sodalists during the past year, the sodality adjourned.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop, H. J. Alerding, arrived on the afternoon train. He was met at the station by a picked military squad under the command of Major Arnold, and by the military brass band. The faculty and the other inmates of the college tendered their reception at the main entrance. Upon his arrival the Rt. Rev. Bishop expressed his thanks for the good will shown towards him and the pleasure it gave him to be present at our commencement.

There being no part in the regular program for Sunday evening, the band was called upon to entertain the visitors. And how well they acquitted themselves of their charge the numerous comments bestowed upon their efforts give very ample testimony.

On Monday morning, June 10, mass was celebrated at 7:30 by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was afterwards given.

At 9:45 all wended their steps towards the

baseball park, where the St. Xavier club were to meet the St. Aquino club for the last game of this season, an account of which will be found in another column.

Next to the graduating exercises, the rendition of the drama, "Hermigild, or the Two Crowns," by the C. L. S. was the chief feature of this year's commencement glories. The play had been rendered once before and attained great success, and the presentation on this occasion was even superior. In short, all spent a very enjoyable evening. A more minute critique will be found on another page of this issue.

After the applause which followed the falling of the curtain had died away on the midnight air, the Rt. Rev. Bishop arose and addressed those present. He spoke words, fiery words, of appreciation and encouragement that every faithful son and patron of St. Joseph's should treasure in his heart. He expressed his satisfaction for the work done by the Fathers of the Most Precious Blood, for their heroic labors and efforts in the education of youth. He concluded with the fond wish, nay, prayer, that St. Joseph's College may continue the good work so well begun, and rise daily in the perfect accomplishment of that God-given work which has been assigned to it by Providence. He heartily recommended it to all, who wished to obtain a sound education, not only of the mind, but also of the heart.

On Tuesday, June 11, the commencement exercises proper were held. These were glorious hours and the only regret that we feel is, that

owing to unavoidable circumstances the Rt. Rev. Bishop was unable to remain with us to the completion of the exercises, nevertheless the program was duly carried out in full. High Mass was celebrated at 8:00 by Rev. P. Trost, C. PP. S. of Carthagena, O. At 9:15 all turned to the College Auditorium to witness the graduating exercises. At the rising of the curtain a pleasant spectacle met the gaze of the thronged hall. The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers and colors; amid these were the smiling faces of the twelve graduates, who were to receive the joyful recognition of their completed studies from their Alma Mater and then depart hence into the wide and stormy world. The orchestra opened the program with a very select piece of music. After this P. J. Hartman advanced and delivered the Salutatory. He spoke with feeling and sincerity, and in a few well-chosen words he succeeded in convincing all that their presence was most welcome, in fact highly appreciated. T. F. Kramer then read the Class Poem in a clear, sonorous voice with a particular fine interpretation. Next followed the Class Oration by D. G. Neuschwanger. His effort was praiseworthy. His composition teemed with thoughts, clothed in elegant diction, add to this his happy, impressive manner of delivery and you have all that goes to the making of a perfect orator. E. F. Hoffman spoke the Valedictory. He spoke as only one can speak who is about to depart from his dear home and loving friends, perhaps forever. His deep pathos was his principal feature, and he did not fail to

impress his own feelings upon the audience. The hearty applause each speaker received was to him ample proof that his labors had not been in vain, and that the educational capabilities of our Alma Mater are above the ordinary. The medals and diplomas were than distributed by the Very Rev. Boniface Russ, Provincial C. PP. S. The prolonged cheers and applause that greeted every recipient fully attested the esteem in which the class of '01 was held by the students. The program was closed with a few well-chosen remarks by Father Provincial.

These days are now with the past, and St. Joseph's has sent another very able class of faithful sons into the world's battle. We have now but one wish to express: that every succeeding commencement may be as joyful and harmonious as this one has been, and that each succeeding class when departing from their Alma Mater, may leave behind a record as pure and noble as that of the just departed class of '01, to whom we wish a hearty God-speed.

AWARDING OF MEDALS.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in Religion was awarded to

EDWARD F. HOFFMAN

Donor: Very Rev. John R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind.
Next in Merit:

HENRY J. METZDORF,

PETER J. HARTMAN.

The Gold Medal for the second best Written Examination in Religion was awarded to

HENRY J. METZDORF.

Donor. Rev. John B. Berg, Remington, Ind.
Next in Merit:

PETER J. HARTMAN,

ALFRED J. HEPP.

The Gold Medal for the highest honors in the Normal Department was awarded to

EDWARD F. HOFFMAN.

Donor: Hon. T. M. McCoy, Rensselaer, Ind.
Next in Merit:

AUGUST J. REICHERT.

The Gold Medal for the highest honors in the Commercial Department was awarded to

PETER J. HARTMAN.

Donor: Rev. Henry Meissner, Peru, Ind.
Next in Merit:

HENRY J. METZDORF,

THEODORE J. SULZER.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon

LEANDER A. LINZ,
TITUS F. KRAMER,
CYRIL C. MOHR,
SIXTUS B. MEYER,
DANIEL G. NEUSCHWANGER,
ERNEST J. HEFELE,
HUBERT W. SEIFERLE.

Certificates for the successful completion of the Normal Course were awarded to

EDWARD F. HOFFMAN,
AUGUST J. REICHERT.

Certificates for the successful completion of the Commercial Course were awarded to

PETER J. HARTMAN,
HENRY J. METZDORF,
THEODORE J. SULZER.



HERMIGILD.

It is now our pleasant duty, as previously promised, to give a more detailed critique of the tragedy, Hermigild. Our readers will remember that it was presented on the College stage on the eve of St. Joseph's Day; and owing partly to the great success then attained, but mostly to the fact that but few of our friends were then present, the play was selected to be again rendered at the close of the scholastic year. Indeed, a better crown the C.L.S. could not have placed on the fair brow of their dramatic efforts. The first rendition was a great success, but the second was far greater; the auditorium was filled to the very last spot of available place, and the frequent and prolonged applauses give ample testimony to the above assertion.

At 8:15 the curtain rose, and for two hours and a half we had the pleasure of witnessing the scenes as they passed before us that prove that "a man's true greatness must be founded on virtue and heroic deeds, not on patronage and favor." The following is the cast of characters that added this new laurel branch to St. Joseph's already brilliant crown of dramatic accomplishments:

Leovig, King of the Visigoths,.....	M. Ehleringer.
Hermigild } Leovig's Sons.....	{ W. Arnold
Recared } Recared.....	{ J. Mutch
Count Goswin.....	C. VanFlandern
Duke Argimund, Commander in chief,.....	P. Welsh.
Sisbert } Ambassadors of the King.....	{ M. Koester.
Agilan } Agilan.....	{ E. Wills.

Roderic, Goswin's Son.....	W. Flaherty.
Boso, Former Tutor of Hermigild.....	E. Werling.
Otulf } Officers of the Visigoths.....	J. Wessel.
Agilulf }	A. Koenig.
Utulf, Hermigild's Friend.....	J. Bach
Claudius, Officer in Hermigild's army.....	H. Hoerstman.
Frederic, a peddler.....	G. Arnold.
Boeulf, a blacksmith of Seville.....	R. Goebel.
Commissius.....	J. Braun.
Teias.....	R. Monin.
Ambassador.....	F. Didier.
Jailer.....	J. Steinbrunner.
Servant of Hermigild.....	I. Wagner.
Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Servants.	

In commenting upon the individual acting of the participants of the drama we are almost at a loss where to begin, and where to end, for all did credit to the character which they represented, from the king to the last citizen with his hammer or club. There is no doubt that to impersonate properly the person of the "Iron King," Leovig, requires no little inherent dramatic ability, careful training and constant practice. The self-willed, proud and ambitious defender of Arianism was ably represented by Mr. Ehleringer. Throughout his bearing, stage position, forcible enunciation, and undaunted resolve of determined purpose left such an impression on the audience as could have only been made by one who knew well the true, historical character and comprehended the full interpretation of the text. He was at his best during Act IV. when the conspirators were eliciting from him Hermigild's death-warrant. M. Ehleringer is now in the Freshman class and the lovers of dramatic art at St. Joseph's may yet

expect from him extraordinary performances, and they will not in the least be disappointed.

Hermigild, the title-role, had been placed into the hands of Mr. W. Arnold. All those who witnessed his wonderful acting in *Pizarro* last Autumn as Rolla were unanimous in pronouncing his appearance as Hermigild superior to that exhibition. From first to last he was master of the situation. His efforts were the most frequently applauded. No one will hesitate to say that his acting in the III. Act when he answered the question: "Will I renounce my faith because the state demands it?" was the best dramatic effort witnessed on the stage that evening. Mr. Arnold is now in the senior class and with the laurels he has gained he may well be content and with the consciousness that his dramatic career during his college days was no failure, but on the contrary a great success, can now leave such work to younger hands.

Mr. J. Mutch as Recared, Hermigild's brother, was very effective. His pleadings and prayers were both natural and given with conviction, but hearts of stone they could not move. Mr. Mutch is blessed with a delightfully sonorous voice and the audience had the full benefit thereof. His efforts were crowned with success.

Whom to mark as the darkest of the three conspirators we know not. All did credit to the inidious characters which they represented. Mr. C. VanFlandern, as Count Goswin, impersonated the most difficult part in the play; and as this was his first appearance in such a heavy position his

work was indeed very creditable. P. Welsh as Duke Argimund, and Mr. Koester as Sisbert increased the reputation which they already enjoy as dramatic artists. Yet these gentlemen could have still more enhanced their work by being less fiery at times when cold-blooded plotting and Brutus-like conspiring and intriguing were the question. However as they are but amateurs many an otherwise insignificant imperfection will be easily overlooked.

W. Flaherty as Roderic and E. Werling as Boso did ample credit to their parts. Their defences of innocence and justice were well rendered; but Flaherty was far the superior. The manner in which he spoke the words: “*’Twas your ambition that set the poor old king against his son; ’twas your ambition that devised this murder. I spurn the crown you offer me. And were it the crown of all the world, I would spurn it. Henceforth there is a gulf between you and myself. Away!*” showed forth in him latent dramatic abilities. And being only in the sophomore year he has ample opportunities to develop them.

Of the minor characters G. Arnold as Frederic R. Goebel as Boeulf were the best. They both possess the talents that go to the making of great actors.

All in all the Columbians may rest assured that the presentation of Hermigild was a success in every way, and that the many hours they spent in doing society work were applied in a most profitable manner. The C. L. S. owe their sincerest thanks to the participants in this drama and cer-

tainly they will not be withheld. This effort has again demonstrated the fact that there is sufficient dramatic ability in the society, and all that is needed for its full development is exercise and practice. We will look forward for the best; and that is: we hope that a Shakesperian drama will grace the commencement exercises of the class, '02.

Hermigild has been rendered; to the participants it was not only a success but also a benefit; and every member of the audience left the auditorium that night fully aware that they had spent an enjoyable evening, in a wise and profitable manner. May the C. L. S. have many such advantageous entertainments for the future inmates of St. Joseph's.

ATHLETICS.

The best game of ball ever played on the college grounds was seen June 2. The game was very close and exciting, but, owing to Monin's superb pitching, the St. Xaviers had the best of the argument. The score.

St. Xaviers—0 1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—4.

St. Aquinos—1 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—3.

The last, but worst game of the season was played June 10. Both teams seemed to vie with each other to see who could make the largest number of errors in the shortest given time. And as a result the playing of both teams was simply "rotten" in the extreme. The score.

St. Aquinos—4 2 2 0 0 4 3—15.

St. Xaviers—0 3 1 0 0 1 3—8.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, J. Dabbelt, L. Flory, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, P. Hartman, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, B. Huelsman, A. Knapke, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, J. Mutch, B. Quell, A. Reichert, T. Sulzer, B. Wellman, E. Werling, L. Werling, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

P. Carlos, E. Cook, W. Flaherty, T. Hammes, H. Heim, A. Hepp, A. Junk, N. Keller, J. Lemper, E. Ley, A. McGill, H. Muhler, J. Naughton, M. Shea, C. Sibold, J. Steinbrunner, J. A. Sullivan, J. F. Sullivan, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, P. Welsh, J. Wessel.

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